

CHILDREN'S HEALTH PUBLICATIONS

# CHILD LIFE<sup>®</sup>

June-July 1980

FOR TWIST AND TEEN / INCORPORATING YOUNG WORLD





# CHILD LIFE

JUNE/JULY 1980 • Volume 59, Issue 6

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Cover photo courtesy  
of NASA

CHILD LIFE (ISSN: 0009-3971) is published monthly, except bimonthly June/July and August/September, by The Benjamin Franklin Literary & Medical Society, Inc., at 1100 Waterway Boulevard, P.O. Box 567B, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206. Second-class postage paid at Indianapolis, Indiana, and at additional mailing offices. COPYRIGHT © 1980 by The Benjamin Franklin Literary & Medical Society, Inc. All rights reserved. Title registered U.S. Patent Office.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—One yr. (10 issues) \$10.95; two yrs. (20 issues) \$20.75. Canadian and foreign subscriptions add \$2.00 per year. Total subscription cost payable in U.S. currency. Change of address should be sent six weeks in advance. Show the new address and enclose old address label. Please include your zip code number. MANUSCRIPTS must be accompanied by self-addressed return envelopes and return postage. Contributions will be handled with care, but the publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of such material.

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# SASQUATCH: Creature of the North

by Casey Callahan

The two men were conversing in quiet tones when the secretary walked in. She placed a manila folder marked TOP SECRET on the director's desk. "Sir, a special messenger just brought this over from the White House."

The director thanked her and waited until she left the room. He picked up the folder and swiftly removed the contents. Inside, he found three small photographs in an envelope bearing the Presidential Seal. The director looked at them for what seemed an interminable length of time. He slowly relinquished them to one of the Bureau's top agents, Special Agent Tom Whiteclaw.

"This is your next assignment, Tom. Study these photos for a moment and tell me what you think."

Agent Whiteclaw quickly scanned the three photos. A perplexed look crossed his face. "Sir, I don't understand. Why should the government be interested in pictures of a giant gorilla?"

The director rose from his seat and walked over to a large picture window. He gazed out over the Potomac River. In a subdued voice he said, "It is not quite a gorilla, Tom."

Agent Whiteclaw watched the director clasp and unclasp his hands several times, as if he were struggling to keep the tension from entering his voice.

"Tom, the creature you are looking at is almost seven feet tall. A rough guess of its weight would be in the

neighborhood of four hundred pounds. Look closely at the photos. You'll notice that the face, hands, and feet are not covered with hair." The director turned away from the window and stared at Special Agent Whiteclaw. "Tom," he whispered, "that creature has the face of a human."

Tom felt a wave of fear flash through his body. The impact of the director's statement had jarred his memory cells. He recalled ancient tribal legends that he had heard from his elderly grandfather—legends concerning the giant creatures of the North. He searched his mind for the Indian name his grandfather had used to describe them.

"Sasquatch," he recalled, shuddering slightly. His ancestors used to talk about the many battles between the giant creatures and the Indians and about how the Sasquatch were not quite animal or human. It was something few white men knew about.

The director's voice brought Tom out of the distant past and back into the air-conditioned office. "As you know, Tom, one of the Cabinet members has not yet returned from his fishing trip. We sent out a small search party, and they found his campsite." Lowering his eyes momentarily, he continued. "The search party reported that the campsite was wrecked. There were some bloodstains on the ground and several strands of long, tufted hair. Nothing else, except for his camera, which is how we came into possession

of these rather extraordinary photos."

The director poured two cups of coffee. "Tom," he said, "the president wants to know what happened to the missing Cabinet secretary. He especially wants to know if this is the work of an enemy plot or if such a creature actually exists. By this time tomorrow night you should be deep in the forests of the Pacific Northwest."

Twenty-four hours later, Tom looked at his watch. *Right on schedule*, he thought. He bent over and removed the parachute and muzzle from his pet wolf, Lupe. A strange relationship existed between the two. Lupe's ancestors and Tom's ancestors had once hunted one another. Now, the wolf was on the verge of extinction, and Tom's tribe was rapidly diminishing in numbers. The bond between the man and the wolf was strong. Now they were going out to seek a third creature, the likes of which neither had ever seen before.

"Come on, Lupe," Tom said. "I want to get to the secretary's campsite before dark. Maybe we can pick up a few clues there."

Tom and Lupe began climbing the steep mountain. Tom was in excellent shape, but the thin mountain air and the heavy backpack began to take their toll. He paused for a moment to admire the beauty of the raging waterfall which ran parallel to the trail. Mist from the falls fell very gently on his forehead.

While Tom paused to rest, Lupe went



ahead up the steep trail. As always, he tested the wind for scent. Not finding any, he began a sweeping, searching pattern of the ground. He detected a faint scent that was alien to him. It was not the delicate smell of the deer, nor was it the strong musk odor of the bear. It was something entirely different, something very harsh and unpleasant. It made Lupe wary.

Together they reached the top. After hastily setting up camp, Tom paused to watch the remaining rays of the setting sun flow over the forest floor. The lingering rays mixed with the mist of the waterfall, creating a rainbow that stretched between two vast canyons. The redwood trees shone brilliant as the last traces of the red sun descended into the distant mountains.

Night falls swiftly in the high mountain forests. One moment it was dusk and the next, pitch dark. Tom couldn't even see the huge storm clouds encircling the high mountain peaks, creating a thick fog. Tom and Lupe huddled close together before the small campfire to ward off the evening chill.

Suddenly, Lupe sensed something. It was the strange scent that he had detected earlier. This time it was

stronger—and closer. It was coming their way, heading directly for the campsite. Lupe bared his fangs and emitted a low growl. Tom looked at Lupe and pulled a burning torch from the fire in an effort to light the area. Lupe continued his low-keyed growling and stared intently at a spot in the surrounding fog. Tom listened, straining his ears for the slightest sound. Nothing. He held Lupe's mouth to silence him. Still nothing. Lupe shivered. He became frantic and tried to break away from Tom.

"Easy, fella. I don't want you to get hurt by whatever is out there."

Lupe started struggling, trying to charge into the fog. Suddenly, all of his muscles tensed, and with a tremendous burst of strength, he broke away from Tom.

Tom whirled to grab Lupe, and then what he saw almost paralyzed him with fear. Framed in the shadows of the fog was the giant Sasquatch!

The creature was advancing toward them. Tom held his torch high. Lupe had stopped dead in his tracks. The creature appeared enraged, but he feared the fire that Tom held in his hands. He stopped.

Tom had been well trained by the Bureau. He fought the panic that raced through his body. He knew that fear was often the father of tragedy, but he also knew that the huge, muscular arms could rip him apart in a moment. His life depended upon the small torch he held in his hands.

Holding his torch aloft, he bent over and grabbed Lupe. Slowly, very slowly, he backed away from the Sasquatch until he was on the brink of the chasm. Above the roar of the falls he could hear grumbling, growling sounds.

For what seemed like an eternity,



the two adversaries faced each other. The flinty eyes of the Sasquatch watched as Tom's torch flickered in the wind. As the flame dwindled, the creature became more enraged. He opened his mouth, and two long fangs glistened in the dying firelight. A loud roar rumbled throughout the forest. The creature started to move, very slowly at first. He circled to the right, moving away from the campfire.

Tom's mind was working frantically. His campfire was now in smoldering embers, and he could feel the intense heat from the torch as the small flame rapidly consumed the stick he was holding. The creature was in a tremendous rage, but it was holding itself back. It seemed to know that soon this fragile human would be quite defenseless.

Somewhere below, on the misty valley floor, the forces of nature started to gather. Strong gusts of wind spiraled up through the canyons, gathering in strength and intensity. Without warning, the wind brushed past Agent Whiteclaw, extinguishing his protective torch. At the same moment, Tom decided that he must take the Sasquatch by surprise.

With a mighty cry, Tom charged at the creature, and Lupe joined in the attack. For a split second, Tom felt himself being picked up, but he was dropped quickly when the full weight of Lupe landed on the creature. Lupe was everywhere at once. The two battled furiously, but the Sasquatch was unable to match Lupe's swift movements. Although the creature had the strength of ten men, its huge bulk made it slow and ponderous. It was a fight that had undoubtedly occurred before in the annals of nature. Lupe's ancestors had passed on to him the knowledge that speed and an unrelenting attack would

more likely than not ensure his survival.

Tom was given a brief respite as Lupe's savage fury drove the Sasquatch to the ground. Lupe was everywhere, snapping and biting with all his strength. He never stayed in one spot long enough for the creature to grab him.

Tom came to the assistance of his brave companion. He grabbed a handful of burning embers and hurled them at the Sasquatch. The creature, startled, rolled backward. Without warning, the thin cliff edge gave way. The creature plummeted into the chasm with its raging river and was swiftly enveloped by the rushing waters.

\* \* \*

"And so, sir, Lupe and I searched all of the following day, but we were unable to find the creature's remains. It is my opinion that the current probably carried the body out to sea."

Tom handed his written report to the director. "You'll notice, sir, that my official report states merely that I did not uncover any evidence as to the secretary's fate. But I have no doubt that he fell victim to the Sasquatch. There were absolutely no indications of an enemy plot."

\* \* \*

Far off in the Pacific Northwest, at an area near where the sea meets the river, a doe and her two fawns were drinking from a quiet pool. The doe noticed a thick log that floated in the pool. The soft current carried the log to the forested shoreline. To the doe's bewilderment, the log started to move. She signaled her two fawns, and they bounded off into the brush. Pausing for one last look, the doe watched the log crawl slowly into the forest, heading in the direction of the mountains.



## Louisa May Alcott

by Julia F. Lieser

"A novel for girls?" asked Louisa in dismay.

Bronson Alcott nodded his head as he handed his daughter the packet of rejected short stories he had just taken to a Boston publisher. "That's what he continues to ask for."

*How long has it been?* thought Louisa. At least a year ago Thomas Niles, an editor with Roberts Brothers, had asked Louisa for a novel for girls. Well, she had

started one then, but she didn't like it. Now she had been hoping to get a book of short stories published. Thank goodness she still had a job editing *Merry's Museum*, a children's magazine! At least there was some money coming in.

Louisa, lost in her thoughts, realized her father had spoken.

"I am sorry, Father. What did you say?"

"Whatever happened to your story of the Pathetic Family?" he asked.

"I lost interest in it," said Louisa, "and couldn't push myself to keep

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going." She paused. "A novel for girls," she repeated thoughtfully. "I'll think about it some more."

Louisa did think about it, and in a few days her enthusiasm was soaring. *Why couldn't she write a novel for girls?* she reasoned. After all, *she* was a girl and had grown up with three sisters. Though their adventures — or misadventures — were of the plain, everyday variety, the warmth and love in their family circle could appeal to young girls. Soon her "Pathetic Family" turned into the March family: Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy.

In her attic at Orchard House, Louisa set to work. For six weeks she wrote feverishly, then took the manuscript of *Little Women* to Thomas Niles. It was published in the fall of 1868 and was an immediate success. Soon readers were clamoring for a sequel, but Louisa had already begun. For another feverish six weeks she worked, and *Little Women, Part II* was published in the spring of 1869. Louisa May Alcott suddenly found herself a famous woman.

More than one hundred years later, young readers are still charmed by the story of four girls living through their adolescence during the Civil War, and literature buffs have delighted in matching the story characters to their real-life counterparts. Much of the book's appeal lies in the fact that it *is* real; as Louisa herself once put it, "not a bit sensational, but simple and true, for we really lived most of it."

*Little Women* was not Louisa's first appearance in print, nor was it her first book. For sixteen years Louisa had been adding to the family income with her pen, writing hundreds of short stories for weekly papers and monthly magazines. Three books had been published:

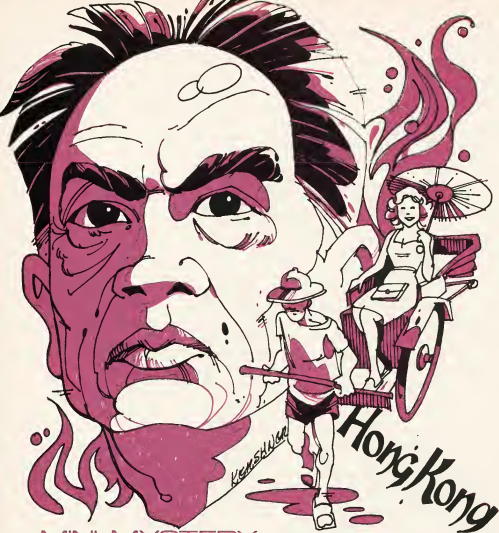
*Flower Fables*, written when she was sixteen, was immature and amateurish in style; *Moods*, which was unpopular because some critics thought it treated marriage too lightly; and *Hospital Sketches*, which was a book of vignettes of her experiences as a hospital nurse, and which enjoyed a small measure of success.

Louisa was born in 1832, the second of four daughters of Amos Bronson Alcott, a teacher whose innovative methods, ahead of his time, made him unpopular with many educators. Though a brilliant man, he was a poor provider. Plagued by poverty all her growing-up years, Louisa vowed at an early age never to marry but someday to earn enough money to make life easier for her mother, to whom she was devoted. At long last, *Little Women* made that dream possible.

Louisa continued to write books. *Little Men* was a sequel to *Little Women*, but there were many others—novels about young people as well as collections of her excellent short stories. Her reputation as an author established, her books continued to sell, and the comfortable life she had yearned for was hers to enjoy.

Her last long work was *Jo's Boys*, a sequel to *Little Men*, in which the boys grow up, marry, and settle into careers. Although vexed with ill health in real life, Louisa maintained her cheerful attitude in all her writings. She died two days after her aged father without being told of his passing. Appropriately, she was carried to her final resting place by young people. But Louisa's indomitable spirit lives on in the character of Jo March for each new generation of young readers to enjoy.





## MINI-MYSTERY THE BLAZING BUTTONS

by George Edward Stanley

Marie-Claire Verlaine and her parents were in Hong Kong. As head of Interpol, her father had been called in by the Hong Kong authorities to help break up a Far East gold-smuggling ring.

Marie-Claire and her father were having tea together on the balcony of their hotel and admiring the view of the Hong Kong harbor when the doorbell rang. It was Sgt. Peter Kwan of the Hong Kong Police, whom they had met earlier.

"A thousand pardons for this interruption," Sergeant Kwan said, "but I have a personal problem which I wanted to discuss with you."

"Certainly," Monsieur Verlaine said. "Won't you join us for tea?"

"Thank you very much," Sergeant Kwan said.

"Now then," Monsieur Verlaine said, after Marie-Claire had poured the tea, "what's this problem you have?"

"My cousin, Harry Kwan, owns five factories here in Hong Kong that manufacture buttons," Sergeant Kwan began. "About three weeks ago, one of the factories burned down. It was ruled an accident because our forensic scientists couldn't find any evidence that the fire had been deliberately set. The insurance company had to pay my cousin a lot of money. But my cousin is the black sheep of our family, Monsieur Verlaine, and I think he may also try to set fire to his other factories. For the sake of our good family name, he has to be stopped. I thought you might be able to help me."

"I'm afraid I shall be very busy while we're here," Monsieur Verlaine said, "but my daughter is an expert in forensic science. Perhaps she could help."

Sergeant Kwan gave Marie-Claire his cousin's address, and the next day she paid a visit to Harry Kwan at his office.

"Your cousin Peter asked me to come by," Marie-Claire said. "He thought I might be able to prevent any future fires by finding out what caused

the fire in one of your button factories."

"But you are so young!" Mr. Kwan scoffed. "And besides, the Hong Kong police ruled that the fire was accidental. The matter is closed."

"Tell me, Mr. Kwan," Marie-Claire said, unperturbed, "what specific kinds of buttons do you make in your factories?"

"Plain, ornamental, military," Mr. Kwan said. "Just about any kind you could want."

"I mean, what are they made of?" Marie-Claire asked.

"We make them out of cloth, metal, bone, plastic, Celluloid, wood, and sometimes even paper," Mr. Kwan said warily. "But what does that have to do with how the fire started in my factory?"

"I'm quite sure it has a lot to do with how the fire started, Mr. Kwan," Marie-Claire said. "Your cousin is convinced that you set the fire yourself, and I think I know exactly how you did it!"

# HOW DID SHE KNOW?

Answer on page 39



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## CAREERS IN...

### PRO SPORTS

by Mike Klodnicki

Have you ever wanted to become a professional athlete? Did you ever think about what it would be like to play major league baseball?

Obviously, it is not easy to play professional sports. Out of all the people who want to become baseball players, very few actually realize that goal.

Pete Rose, Mike Schmidt, and Garry Maddox, all members of the Philadelphia Phillies, and George Medich, a pitcher for the Texas Rangers, are four of the people who did achieve their goal of playing major league baseball. And they all have some advice for young people, whether or not they want to be professional athletes.

"Work hard," says Pete Rose, who played with the Cincinnati Reds for sixteen years before signing with the Phillies. "Just practice, work hard, and have fun doing it," he continues. "That's the easiest way to be successful."

Rose started playing Little League baseball when he was nine years old. At that time he was more interested in football, but his thoughts later turned to baseball because of his uncle who was a scout for the Reds.

Rose made it to the big leagues because of his hard work. He had some natural ability, but not so much as others. What made the difference was that Pete was willing to work hard at improving his ability. As the Phillies' first baseman explains, "When I signed

my first professional contract, the scouting report on me said: 'He can't run, he can't field, he can't hit from the

left side, and he can't make a double play. But he has a lot of enthusiasm and hustle.'"

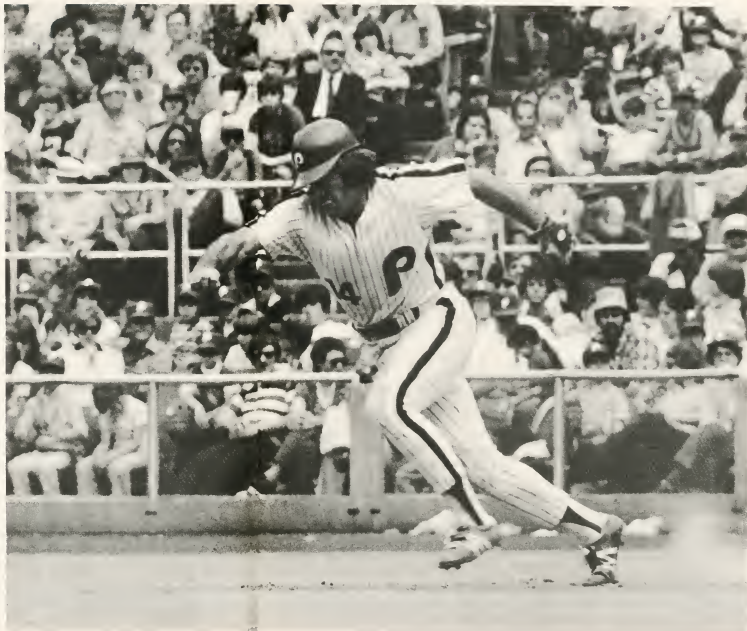
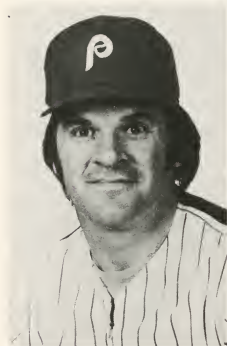


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In all of his playing days in the major leagues, Rose has lived up to that last line. He springs to first base when he receives a base on balls, he often goes

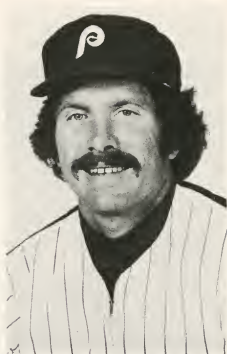


Phillies first baseman Pete Rose

crashing into bases sliding headfirst, and he has earned himself the nickname of "Charlie Hustle."

Mike Schmidt, the Phillies' third baseman, is a personable, likable guy. He's quick with a joke and can take one as well. He agrees with Rose that young people should work hard and practice, but he cautions them not to direct their entire lives toward being ballplayers.

"I would say," says Mike, "the first thing I would do would be not to narrow my thinking as a young athlete to the fact that I'm going to be a major league



Phillies third baseman Mike Schmidt

baseball player because—I don't know what the statistics are—but maybe one out of every five hundred ever makes it to the major leagues. The worst thing a young athlete could do is sit back and say, 'Hey, I'm gonna become a major league baseball player; and if I don't I'll become a dope addict.'"

Schmidt believes that there's a degree of luck involved in making it to the big leagues. "In addition to having to have a great deal of talent to make it, you have to have a lot of breaks, and you have to be in the right place at the right time," he says. "And you have to perform well when you're in that right place at the right time. There are so many things you really don't control that affect whether you make it to the major leagues."

Schmidt attended college at Ohio University, where he for the most part neglected his studies to concentrate on baseball. He realizes now that that was the wrong way to do things. "I spent most of my time on baseball," he admits. "Working out in the afternoon, taking ground balls indoors in the wintertime, outdoors in good weather. I thought about baseball first and academics second—which wasn't a very good way to do it because had I ever injured myself or had I ever gotten some bad breaks and not made it to the major leagues, then I wouldn't have been in as good a position to pursue something else in life."

Schmidt is very much in favor of young people's acquiring a college education before pursuing sports. "The education that you have in your mind is something that can never be taken away from you, and that's where I would store up my energy," he reasons. "I'd put my body number two."

Overall, the golden glove third sacker says that the best advice he can give to any young person is to be prepared for *all* things in life, not just sports. "I think all a young kid could do is to prepare himself mentally and spiritually to accept whatever is thrown in front of him as an individual, as he grows in life. And if he does that, if he has himself and his personality ready for anything, I think he'll achieve whatever it is that he has in mind to achieve, whether it is becoming a baseball player, a football player, an architect, or a lawyer. Great things will happen for a kid who can just build character and prepare himself for anything in life," he adds.

Garry Maddox graces the Phillies' outfield with the stature and speed of

an antelope. When he speaks about young people, it's in a smooth, confident manner.

"I give all young people the same advice," he says. "Whether they're playing baseball, or any sport, or doing anything that you have to do in life. You have to realize up front that it's not going to be an easy road. And you have to be willing to work at it. It's going to take a lot of hard work at whatever you want to do."

Maddox also cautions young people about being disappointed when everything doesn't go right. "I don't think

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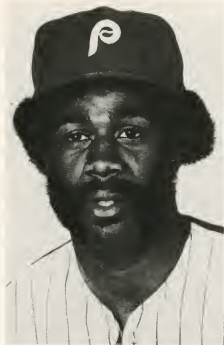
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Phillies outfielder Garry Maddox

you can afford to be discouraged because of one setback," he explains. "You have to stay with it and realize that it's going to take some time. I think people should go into baseball, into sports, into *anything*, and not be afraid to fail. A lot of people won't try anything because they think they won't be successful. Go ahead and give it a try, and if you want to do it, work at it as hard as you can."

Texas Ranger pitcher George Medich places a very high value on education. His grades in college were good enough to get him into medical school, and he was talented enough at baseball to make it into the major leagues. What a decision he had to make! He decided to choose both.

In the summertime, Medich pitched baseballs—first for the New York Yankees, then for the Pittsburgh Pirates, and now for the Rangers.

During the winter, he attended medical school.

Now, it is George "Doc" Medich, the pitching doctor, as he is both a surgeon *and* a professional ballplayer.





His advice to young people interested in baseball as a career is similar to that of Pete Rose: "The first thing is that if they're really interested in playing professional baseball, they have to acquire the skills to become good enough to play. And the only way they can do that is to play baseball as often as they can. Practice, practice, practice. Just play. Throw a ball up against a wall. Hit. Get out in the park and play in games."

Nonetheless, the hard-throwing right-hander also has a warning: "But at the same time," he advises, "keep an eye on getting good grades and on scholastics. Keep something in your mind that you can do besides playing professional sports."

Medich has obviously been successful. He has two good careers going at the same time. So how about some advice for young people who want to be successful at whatever they do, not just in sports?

The pitcher-doctor smiles as he says, "I think if you want to be successful, you have to do something that you truly enjoy. And if you decide that there's a particular thing you want to do, you should have a commitment to do it well and have a lot of pride in what you do. If you have those ingredients, the chances of your being successful at whatever you do, and happy with what you do, are pretty good."

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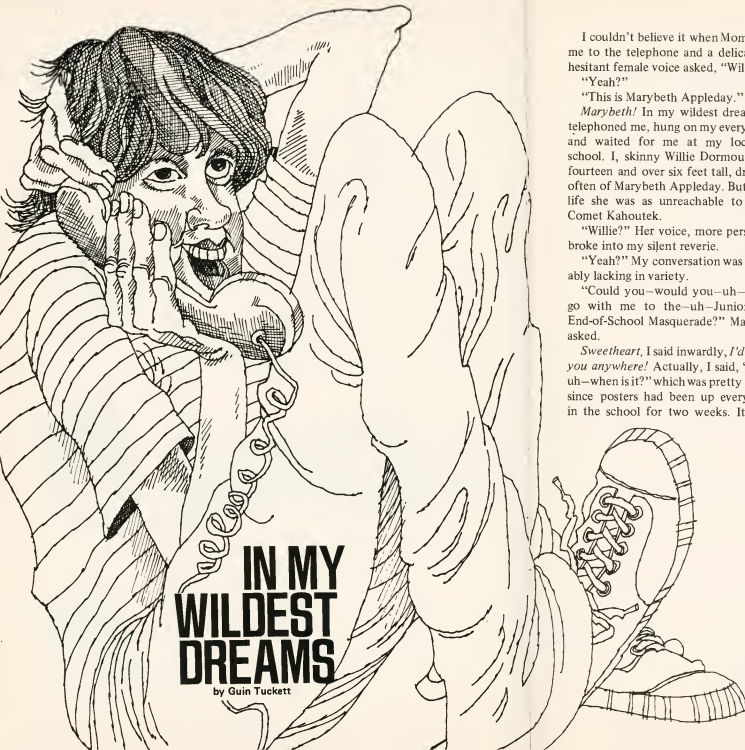


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**CHILD LIFE** (Ages 9 to 14)





## IN MY WILDEST DREAMS

by Guin Tuckett

I couldn't believe it when Mom called me to the telephone and a delicate but hesitant female voice asked, "Willie?"

"Yeah?"

"This is Marybeth Appleday."

*Marybeth!* In my wildest dreams she telephoned me, hung on my every word, and waited for me at my locker at school. I, skinny Willie Dormouth, age fourteen and over six feet tall, dreamed often of Marybeth Appleday. But in real life she was as unreachable to me as Comet Kahoutek.

"Willie?" Her voice, more persistent, broke into my silent reverie.

"Yeah?" My conversation was noticeably lacking in variety.

"Could you—would you—uh—like to go with me to the—uh—Junior High End-of-School Masquerade?" Marybeth asked.

*Sweetheart, I said inwardly, I'd follow you anywhere!* Actually, I said, "Well—uh—when is it?" which was pretty stupid, since posters had been up everywhere in the school for two weeks. It was a

Girl-Ask-Boy affair, and all my buddies (well, *both* of them) had already been asked.

"Friday night," answered Marybeth. "My—my dad and I can pick you up." She sounded a bit hesitant, and not nearly so poised as I always pictured her.

"Well—OK, Marybeth," I said, trying to appear nonchalant about the whole thing. "I guess I can. You have any ideas for the masquerade?"

There was a pause. "Maybe," she giggled, "you could go as the Jolly Green Giant, and I could go as a can of peas."

"Huh?"

"Well, you know—it's sort of different."

"Let me think about it. Be seeing you."

I hung up. *Jolly Green Giant! Can of peas!* I could conjure up maybe Romeo and Juliet, or Lancelot and Guinevere, but—

"What's that all about, Will?" asked my kid sister, age ten.

"Oh, nothing," I muttered. "I think I'm going to a party with a can of peas!"

Mom seemed interested in my news, but I could tell by the twinkle in her eyes that she was going to laugh with Dad about it later. "I think I can help you with the Jolly Green Giant bit, Will," she said. "I'm delighted Marybeth asked you. She's a nice little girl."

*Nice little girl!* That set my teeth on edge. What I liked about Marybeth was her long coppery hair, her big gray eyes, and her great figure. Every guy I know wishes he could take her out. She'd been in my subconscious for so long that it was hard for me to admit that I really didn't know her very well, and I could not even begin to imagine why she'd asked me.

Why did she? Suddenly I really did



wonder. Who'd want to go to a dance with me? I'm about as graceful as a rhino on skis. I do neat things in class, like knocking off a vase from a teacher's desk while bending down to set up the wastebasket I'd kicked over. My walking into a room sets off a whole classroom of giggles and shouts. Mom has declared our house a disaster area and keeps threatening to put in for federal funds.

I laugh along with everyone. What the heck—I can't do anything else! I'm Superclown, the class clod. What tears me up is that inside I'm pure poetry.

*So why did she ask me?* I decided to run out to Mark's house and check this out. After all, he's my best buddy and fairly popular with the girls. Maybe he'll understand.

"Mom!" I hollered, pulling on my shirt, "I'm going over to Mark's."

"Not for long, Will. Dad will be home soon for supper."

"OK." This was Tuesday, Dad's bowling night, so I knew we'd eat promptly. But I just had to talk to somebody.

"Well?" I asked Mark after I'd told him about the call.

He was lying flat on his back on the floor of his room, thumping his hand to the beat of a record.

"Maybe she really wants to go with you, Will," he mused. "Then again..."

"Then again what?"

"Maybe she's asked somebody else who already had been asked. I mean, this thing's only three days away."

My spirits sagged. He'd just expressed exactly my own worst fears. "You know that for sure?"

"What?"

"That she asked somebody else."

"No, I don't know for sure. What difference does it make? You like her, don't you? So here's your big chance!"

"But maybe she doesn't really want to go with me."

"She called you, dummy! So take advantage of it. I would." He grinned knowingly.

I felt depressed. "Yeah, but I'm—I'm not like you."

"Will, it's high time you got a little experience. Girls like an operator. Know what I mean?" He punched my arm.

Boy! I could picture Marybeth with those long lashes lowered, moving close to me and expecting me to turn on the charm. In my wildest dreams it seemed so simple.

*Let's get out of here, sweetheart, so's we can be alone!*

*Oh, Will, you're terrible!*

*But irresistible, don't you think?*

And she'd lean against me as I led her away. But beyond that point, my dreams didn't go far till I got all confused and flustered. And on top of that, I pictured myself as the Jolly Green Giant leading away a can of peas! I laughed out loud.

"What's with you?" asked Mark.

"Nothing. See you at school tomorrow." Suddenly I wanted to get out of there.



Wednesday and Thursday were perfectly wretched days. I saw Marybeth off and on at school. I'd say Hi and then walk into the wall or kick a door shut; and she'd half-smile. Once she stopped beside me in the lunchroom and said, "Mom has my outfit ready, Will. It's really funny!" She laughed her soft laugh that sent shivers up my spine. "We'll pick you up at 7:30 tomorrow night."

*Tomorrow!* My heart turned somersaults. By now, most of the kids in my classes knew that I was going to the party with Marybeth. I noticed some of the more macho guys giving me a re-appraisal, and some of the girls were watching me curiously. All at once I had a "rep" to live up to. I couldn't believe it.

Friday after supper, Mom made me put on green tights. Then she started fastening on the parts just the way the Jolly Green Giant looked. Linda, my sister, collapsed in near hysterics on the floor.

"Hush up, youngun!" I snarled. I was getting testy enough about this whole thing.

"Now, Will," soothed Mom, "you do look funny; but that's the nature of the party. So enjoy it!"

"Yeah, sure," I moaned.

By 7:15 I was so nervous I'd spilled a glass of milk and tripped over the dog—twice.

"Oh, Will," complained Dad, "this is just a party. Calm down!"

As I watched for the Appledays' car, I caught a glimpse of myself in the hall mirror. I couldn't help grinning. I did look like the Jolly Green Giant. *Will, I told myself, you aren't any great looker or talker. But tonight you're the Jolly*

*Green Giant, so hang in there and have fun. Who cares what people think?*

As the car stopped in front, I fairly bolted out the door. In the darkness of the car I couldn't see Marybeth too well, except that she was silvery and shiny. When we got to the party, we got out and looked at each other and burst out laughing. Her silvery can outfit stood out around her, and a label of peas encircled her.

"I never thought I'd live long enough to like peas," I hooted, "but they never came in such a great container before!"

Marybeth blushed.

*Was that me talking like that?* I thought with horror.

I don't know when I ever had more fun at a party. *I HO-HO-HO'd* at amusing things, and when I tried to dance with Marybeth, I couldn't get too close to her anyway—so my nervousness eased off.

Marybeth and I were the hit of the party, and we even carried away the costume prizes.

"Marybeth," I said as we sat on her front steps after the party, "this costume idea was ingenious."

"Actually, it was Mom's idea."

"Good for your mom!" I hesitated, then added, "I'm really glad you asked me—even if you had to settle for me as the last resort."

Marybeth turned and studied me thoughtfully. "Why did you say that, Will?"

"It isn't true?"

"Of course not. The truth is, I had a hard time getting up enough courage to ask you. That's why I asked so late."

Marybeth turned and rested her pretty head on her hand. "Will—you're tall

and sort of older-looking than some of the guys, and you can laugh at yourself. That's mature. So maybe you know what it's like to be sort of older-looking for a girl. Do you?"

I felt embarrassed, but I nodded. "I guess so."

"Well," she explained, "people are apt to think that I look older and have more—you know—experience or something." She laughed. "The truth is, sometimes when I go out on a date I'm scared to death."

"You are? Really?" *Marybeth afraid? Like me?*

"I really am. Somehow I just knew you wouldn't be a—a typical operator!"

I chuckled. Then I hooted out loud. *So much for you, Mark Phipps, and all the 'smooth operators'!*

"Marybeth," I exclaimed, "you're just great! Really great!" And before I knew what hit me, I gave her a hug that crinkled part of her light aluminum covering. She laughed and said she'd be recycled anyhow for the next school masquerade.

"You want Dad to drive you home?" she asked.

I could take the hint. "Naw. The J.G.G. will make it in two fantastic leaps!"

She stood up. In my newfound dignity, I added, "How about roller-skating with me next weekend? Maybe we could go disguised as an ordinary boy and girl."

"I'd love it!" she answered.

*I HO-HO-HO'd* all the way home. After all, the whole, beautiful summer would soon be ours.





# How To Help A Friend Stop Smoking

by Dee Burton, Ph.D., and Gary Wohl

The first question to ask yourself about helping a friend stop smoking is: does your friend want your help? Even if the individual is a very close friend (or relative), he or she still might not want your help. He might prefer to stop smoking without discussing it. Or she might prefer to have someone who is not close to her give assistance. Sometimes strangers can give better help than friends, or more exactly, it's sometimes easier to take help from a stranger than from someone to whom you're close.

If you decide that the person you have in mind probably wouldn't want you to help him quit, the most helpful thing would be for you not to mention his smoking. Or, using your best judgment, you might want to make just one simple statement, such as, "If there's ever anything I

can do to help you stop smoking, let me know. I'll always be here, ready to help." If you feel your friend could benefit from written material, then you can ask the local chapter of the American Cancer Society or the American Lung Association to send him some printed material on how to quit smoking. There is a chapter of one of these



organizations in most large cities. Other places to contact regarding written material on stopping smoking would be your city health department, the "Y," and your local school system. You also could ask your health and physical education teacher to suggest places where you might obtain information on how to stop smoking. Other than sending written material, silence on your part probably is the best policy.

On the other hand, if you decide that your friend would appreciate some help from you, here are some ideas on how to assist him.

1. Create an individualized quit-smoking package for your friend. This can be fun for both of you. Use your imagination to the fullest in this project! Include a box of cinnamon sticks, some sunflower seeds, some raw vegetables wrapped in a small plastic bag, a quit-smoking book or brochure, and any other items you can think of

which might have special relevance for the person. If there are any quit-smoking clinics in your community, call them and get all the details about their programs, such as when they start, how much they charge, and so on. Write down all of this information and include it in the quit-smoking package. Make sure the information is complete. Include phone numbers and registration forms.

2. Let your friend know that you want to help because you care about him. And before you offer your help, make sure that your motive really is to help your friend. Take a little time and think about your own feelings toward your friend's smoking. Be sure that you're not being motivated by a feeling of superiority on your part, or a need to control or change your friend to make you feel better instead of him. If your friend's smoking makes you feel angry, it may be difficult for you to be objective enough to help him quit. But if he's a close friend and you're concerned about his smoking, it could be helpful to your relationship for you to let him

know about your anger. Talking to your friend about your feelings could help take the edge off your anger so that you could be more constructive. And on your friend's part, hearing from you—in a direct and honest way—your feelings about his smoking, would probably be a lot easier to take than the indirect, stand-offish, angry attitude that he most likely would pick up from your behavior.

Assuming that your motives are pure—that you want to help your friend out of a genuine concern for his welfare—just be sure and let him know this. Never act disappointed if your friend does not seem to be progressing as quickly as he might be. Let him know that you understand how difficult it can be to quit, but that you know beyond a shadow of a doubt that he can do it!

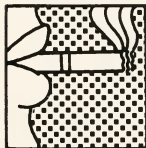
3. Always feel positive that your friend will succeed! This is vital because pessimism and defeatism are common afflictions of people working to become ex-smokers. Your optimism and enthusiasm can be catching. After all, your friend is the one in the middle of a struggle, and you're like an admiring cheerleader. Can you imagine what would happen in a football game if the cheerleaders gave up hope and threw in the towel? Give your friend the benefit of every doubt, let him know you're on his side, and try to be the most sincere cheerleader around.

4. Do not try to convince your friend that he should use a particular way of stopping. Let him choose his own approach to quitting.

5. Do not give unsolicited advice. Rather, be supportive and encouraging, and give your opinions only when they're requested. It could be helpful if you read additional material on stopping smoking. Then, if your friend asks you for any advice, you could offer him some references.

6. On the other hand, do confront, in a kind way, your friend's rationalizations or phony excuses for not stopping. By doing this, you will be working to bring out the best in your friend.

All of these principles apply to helping a parent stop smoking as well. Often children can be the strongest influence on smokers. Joseph Califano, the Secretary of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, has said he quit smoking because his son let him know how important it was to him, how much he cared about his father's health. Is your mother or father a smoker? If so, have you let them know how important you think it is for them to quit, and more important, that you're ready to help them?



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# Milk á la Goat – A Nutritious Alternative

by Elizabeth Hamilton

"Yuk!" That's the typical reaction to a suggestion to try some goat's milk. Most people think of goats as dumb, dirty animals who survive on a diet of tin cans and trash. This is not true. Goats have been bad-mouthed for centuries. Actually, they are not dumb at all, nor do they chase everyone in sight, as cartoonists would have us to believe. They are quite friendly animals and make good pets.

About 60% of all milk consumed in the world today is goat's milk. Many people prefer its flavor to that of cow's milk. If someone gave you two glasses of milk and asked you to drink them, chances

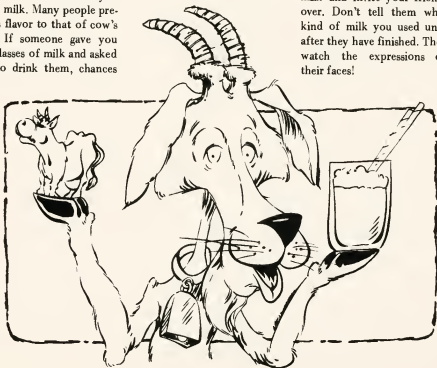
are you'd like the goat's milk better—if they didn't tell you what it was beforehand.

Because goat's milk is easier to digest than cow's milk, doctors sometimes prescribe it for people with stomach problems. Many people are allergic to cow's milk. It gives them hay fever symptoms, asthma, or a skin condition called *eczema*.

Is goat's milk as nutritious as cow's milk? According to a New York Agricultural Exper-

iment Station bulletin, goat's milk is only 3.8% fat, compared to 3.9% fat in cow's milk. Goat's milk has 4.5% milk sugar, compared to the 4.9% in cow's milk. Protein combined with calcium, however, is just a little less for goat's milk (3.1%) than for cow's milk (3.2%).

Goat's milk can be used in any recipe calling for cow's milk. How about a delicious, good-for-you chocolate shake? Mix up a batch with goat's milk and invite your friends over. Don't tell them what kind of milk you used until after they have finished. Then watch the expressions on their faces!



# Herbal Puzzle

by Fuchsia Leclair

In the puzzle below you will find the names of 17 herbs, the same 17 that can be found in the article "Herbal Lore" on pages 38 and 39. The words may be spelled forward, backward, up, down, or diagonally.

Angelica  
Anise  
Bay  
Camomile  
Dill  
Horehound

Lavender  
Marjoram  
Mint  
Parsley  
Pennyroyal

Peppermint  
Rosemary  
Sage  
Savory  
Tarragon  
Thyme

M	A	R	O	J	Y	N	N	E	P	S	A	P	Y
R	D	L	L	O	R	Y	R	A	T	A	R	E	R
H	O	R	E	H	O	U	N	D	A	Z	L	P	O
P	A	S	L	Y	R	O	S	E	R	S	O	P	V
C	M	A	E	G	A	P	A	R	R	Y	L	E	A
A	F	G	O	M	L	Y	T	A	A	G	E	R	S
M	Y	E	T	I	A	O	P	N	G	N	I	M	X
O	L	X	D	N	V	R	S	E	O	E	L	I	A
M	W	I	L	T	E	D	Y	M	N	N	M	N	N
I	L	C	A	M	N	A	I	Y	E	T	O	T	G
L	E	P	Y	S	D	M	L	H	J	O	R	M	E
E	M	N	O	S	E	R	L	T	N	I	M	E	L
M	A	R	O	J	R	A	M	I	F	G	A	S	I
A	N	I	R	E	Q	U	O	Y	F	I	G	I	C
P	E	N	N	Y	R	O	Y	A	L	J	D	N	A
A	N	L	L	I	M	O	M	A	C	C	B	A	Y

Answers on page 39

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# RAVEL

by Morris Schultsky

He was often called Maurice Ravel the Enchanter, because his music told fascinating stories in pictures and colorful rhythms. He made the legend and fairy tale come alive in the concert hall. They say that if you listen carefully to his music, you can hear dragonflies speak or see a brilliant sky. His music was truly that of the open air.

Ravel was French. When he was a boy, piano became a part of him, so that by the time he was fourteen he had entered the Paris Conservatoire. His early works were piano and chamber music. But after composing *Ma Mère l'Oye* ("Mother Goose") in 1908, his fame was assured. Originally this suite was a set of his pieces for piano, four hands.

In *Ma Mère l'Oye* you can hear the birds singing and feel pity for Tom Thumb, who couldn't find his way out of the forest. There is a brilliant fantasy in march time called "Empress of the

Pagodas," and you can imagine Beauty turning the Beast into a handsome prince by seeing kindness in him.

Ravel delighted in creating these images. He said that his music gave him a chance to travel to strange places, even though it was only in his imagination. In his ballet *Daphnis et Chloé*, based on the love story from Greek legend, Ravel's music gives the impression of a large forest, with nightingales singing and a stream splashing gently. This work, the result of three years' effort by this tireless craftsman, was performed by the Russian Ballet in 1912 and featured the famous dancer Vaslav Nijinsky.

Because Ravel spent his boyhood near Spain, the exciting Spanish beat runs through his work. His *Rapsodie espagnole* creates the warmth and sadness of the malagueña (the folk dance of Málaga) and paints the joy of the *feria* (the village fair).

When Ravel's *Boléro* was first performed in Paris in 1928, it created a sensation. The theme is simple, but the rhythm is electric. It begins with a flute solo, continuing with other solos and groups of instruments, while a drum roll sounds in the background.

Audiences loved it. When *Boléro* was first conducted by Toscanini in Carnegie Hall in 1929, critics described the many curtain calls with emotion. During a Parisian performance in 1944, members of the audience stood on their seats and shouted and applauded for ten minutes. Such was the magic of Ravel.

Ravel was obsessed with rhythm all of his life. Everywhere he went he

searched for new rhythms. Once he lived with some gypsies, pretending to be one of them, and later wrote the spirited violin rhapsody *Tzigane*.

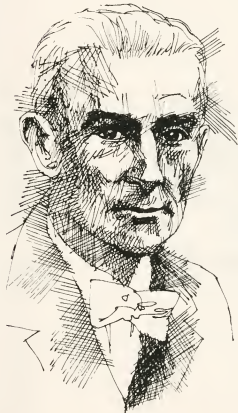
When he visited the United States in 1928, Maurice Ravel was charmed by Black folk music and by the fox-trot, ragtime, and the blues. Some say his piano concertos, while being works of incredible skill in themselves, may have the George Gershwin influence. About this time, the jazz band came into vogue; it's possible to pick out blues and ragtime themes in Ravel's chamber music. The sonata for violin and piano, which took him four years to write, has a definite blues influence.

The Viennese Waltz captivated Ravel, and when his *La Valse* played to Paris audiences—and later in United States concert halls—it was greeted warmly. It is a brilliant work, creating the impression of couples dancing in the imperial court.

In order to create his musical images, Ravel had a preference for percussion instruments—those which are played by a striking action. In orchestrating his *Alborada del Gracioso*, Ravel used tambourine, triangle, military drum, castanets, and xylophone.

For his opera *L'Heure Espagnole* ("The Spanish Hour"), he included carillon, striking clocks, glockenspiel, celesta, and, as one critic put it, "everything Argentine." One performance of *L'Heure Espagnole* in London's Covent Garden in 1919 received no fewer than seventeen curtain calls.

With his precise rhythms and his colors, Maurice Ravel never ceased to fascinate the music world. His death in 1937 shocked Europe and America; and it is said that even the church bells of France wept at his funeral procession.





# Sleeping Like a Log IMPOSSIBLE

by Diane Ratkowski

Your alarm clock jangles you awake for a day of school, or tennis, or your Saturday job. You stretch a few times and enjoy the sensation of waking up. You feel great! You tell your family that you "slept like a log." You say



you had a great sleep, so good that you had no dreams at all.

Sorry, but that's impossible! No one can sleep like a log. Physical activity is part of every normal night's sleep, no matter who the sleeper is. You may just clench your fists and twitch your toes; or you may smile, snore, grimace, or

murmur; or turn over and over in your bed; or you may talk or even walk in your sleep. But your body remains active, although you are deeply sleeping and may remember nothing of your nighttime activities the next morning. You may even say you "slept like a log."

Your mind also continues its work while you sleep, for *everyone* dreams—not just some nights, but every night. And several times during every night, at that! People who daydream a lot may have less vivid dreams than the non-daydreamers, but anyone who insists he never dreams just can't remember his

dreams after he awakens in the morning.

What are the facts about that mysterious condition, sleep, that overcomes all human beings, apes, monkeys, dogs, cats, horses, birds, mice, and many other animals as well? What *is* sleep? What happens to your body when night falls and you close your eyes and drift into sleep?

For thousands of years, there were only myths and superstitions to explain the phenomenon of sleep. Many primitive societies thought that a sleeping person should never be awakened. They believed that there was a little man or soul in each person which left the body during sleep to travel elsewhere on the earth. If a person were disturbed during sleep, the soul might not have a chance to get back. Dreams were believed to be the memories of the soul's wanderings.

Other cultures had more sophisticated theories to explain sleep and dreams, but scientific methods were not applied to the study of sleep until a mere twenty-five years ago. Then in the early 1950s at the University of Chicago, pioneer sleep researchers Eugene Aserinsky and Nathaniel Kleitman noticed that the eyes of sleeping babies periodically moved quite rapidly, as if they were watching some event as it happened. These researchers along with William Dement then persuaded students and friends to spend several nights sleeping in the laboratory. The scientists monitored their mental and physical functions with laboratory equipment, particularly the *electroencephalogram* (root words "electric-brain-writing"). They quickly discovered that adults, too, have periods of rapid eye movement that occur in cycles throughout a night of sleep.

The most surprising discovery was

made when the researchers awakened the volunteers immediately after each period of rapid eye movement (called REM periods). The researchers asked for the sleeper's first thoughts, and almost every time the answer was, "I was dreaming." Aserinsky, Kleitman, and Dement discovered that our vivid dreams occur during REM periods, and these periods occur, not at random, but at regular intervals of about ninety minutes throughout every night.

With the use of the electroencephalogram (EEG), these researchers discovered that there are five distinct stages of sleep—the REM stage of dreaming, and stages 1, 2, 3, and 4, which progress from light to deep sleep. Some dreaming occurs outside the REM periods, but it is usually more thoughtlike, shorter, and without the plot and characters that make up the typical dreams of the REM stage.

Twenty years after the first experiments at the University of Chicago, scientists have assembled the data on the dreams and sleep of thousands of volunteers during thousands of nights. Although the sleep patterns of no two people are alike, a general picture of a "typical" night's sleep has emerged from the miles of graphs and recordings. What happens to you once you have gone to bed?

After you first close your eyes and begin to relax, aimless, dreamlike thoughts drift through your mind. You may imagine things and places that your waking mind would judge unconnected and illogical. You can still be disturbed and awakened easily now if someone comes into the room.

If undisturbed, you cross the border into sleep and stage 1. The EEG would register your brain waves as small and

irregular. Fragments of dreams and visual images drift through your mind. Your muscles begin to relax, and your pulse, blood pressure, and temperature start to fall. It would still be relatively easy to wake you up, and you might think that you hadn't been asleep at all.

You sink into stage 2, and your eyes begin to roll slowly from side to side. However, if you opened them you would not see anything. (Did you know that it is possible to sleep with your eyes open?) At this point you may have been asleep about ten minutes.

You progress to stage 3, which is characterized by large, slow brain waves. Your muscles are very relaxed, your breathing is slow, and your temperature continues to fall. You are in a deep stage of sleep now, and it would take a loud noise or the calling of your name to wake you up.

Stage 4 is the deepest sleep, often known as "delta sleep." You are practically motionless during this stage of sleep, and even if someone shakes you it will probably take a few seconds for you to wake up. If you are a sleepwalker or sleepwalker, you will probably begin your activity during this stage of deep sleep.

After going through the four stages (about ninety minutes after falling asleep) you start to drift up into stage 3, and then to stage 2, and then to stage 1 again. You are not back where you started, however, but ready to enter a REM period of vivid dreaming, lasting about ten minutes. You may turn over in bed several times during the dream, with each turn of your body marking the end of a segment of your dream story. Your eyes move as if watching television or a movie, and the rest of your body responds to the

action of the dream with activity. You breathe faster, your heart rate and blood pressure become irregular, and your brain-wave pattern is much like the waking pattern. You are totally engrossed in the drama of the dream that is unfolding and again would be very difficult to awaken. But, unless you wake up now, you will probably not remember this dream in the morning.

When your dream ends, you again sink down through stages 2 and 3 into stage 4 of deep sleep. But you will follow this cycle several times more during the night, dreaming perhaps five dreams of increasing length at approximately ninety-minute intervals. As morning approaches, your body temperature begins to climb, and you rise out of deep sleep into the lighter levels of stage 2 and stage 1. Perhaps you wake up soon after a REM period and a dream, remembering only the last dream of what has been a night's series.

If your mind remains so active while you sleep, what about learning during sleep? Could you play a tape recording

of a Spanish lesson, for instance, during the night and wake up in the morning with your Spanish improved? So far, attempts at learning definite facts while asleep have proved fruitless, but scientists comment that you should recognize how much other work your brain does during the night. As you sleep, your brain organizes and responds to your dreams and influences body responses to them. At the same time, it filters out unimportant noises, such as traffic and talking, so your sleep won't be disturbed unnecessarily. However, it continues to respond to important stimuli, such as the ringing of a telephone or the calling of your name.

An important part of your brain's night work is dreaming. You may have five or six dreams, each between ten and thirty minutes long. You may dream of familiar people and familiar places or of the gross distortions so vividly remembered by all of us—nightmares. What do your dreams mean? Or do they mean anything at all? That will be the subject of an article in the next issue of *Child Life*.

Sleeping and dreaming—two aspects of human existence that have fascinated man from the earliest days of his self-awareness. Scientists experimenting in laboratories have answered some of the questions about these mysteries of human experience, but there is much left to learn. Your pattern of sleep last night was unique to you. Your dreams could be dreamed by no one else in the world. Your mind and body were working very hard last night; in fact, they were performing amazing feats while you slept. But you, like everyone else in the world, could not perform an impossible feat and sleep like a log, with no dreams at all.



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L680

# The Little Red Bobber

by Lynn Hill

*The author of this month's Young Writer's Story, Lynn Hill is twelve years old and is a seventh grader at Bedford Community Junior High School in Bedford, Iowa. Besides being fond of writing short stories, Miss Hill also enjoys band, sports, and playing the piano. She is a class officer at her school and is also a member of the Loyal Legion 4-H Club. Someday she plans to become a professional writer and work in some area of health.*



The faint glimmer of dawn was just creeping above the horizon as Denise set Grey Lady, her Appaloosa, to a more brisk trot. She looked at the beauty of nature as she pulled her red sweater closer around her neck. Every tree was in its full autumn dress—from flaming reds and crimsons to pale yellows and deep rusty browns. Grey Lady kicked up little puffs of dust, which vanished in the frosty morning air.

Soon Denise reined Grey Lady to a

stop near an old bridge. Underneath the bridge ran sparkling Rainbow Creek. If you can imagine the first rays of sunlight touching common gray riverbed rocks and turning them into a million prisms of flashing color, you'll know where the creek got its name.

Denise quickly but ever so quietly unstrapped her saddlebag from Grey Lady's side, then tied the horse to a nearby tree.

Denise then baited her fishing pole she had brought along. Today promised to be a good day for fishing.

\* \* \*

Early the next spring, Denise decided to take Grey Lady for a little outing, since she was sure the horse needed some exercise.

The warm April day found Denise and Grey Lady taking the same route toward Rainbow Creek they had taken last autumn. Only now, instead of flaming reds and rusty browns, there were the innocent greens of spring showing everywhere, though some meadows they passed were dabbled with bright yellows, shady violets, and placid whites. The trees were budding, and there was an air of serenity over the land.

Soon Denise came upon Rainbow Creek. Something bright caught her eye near the waterline. There, lying amidst sprays of early spring water lilies, was a little red bobber.

NOTICE: With this issue of *Child Life* we begin our summer schedule of bimonthly issues. The next issue will be the August/September issue. Our monthly schedule will resume in October.

In their heyday, train robbers used all kinds of tricks. One that worked pretty well for a while involved the use of a coffin.

A member of a gang would play dead and be shipped aboard a train as a corpse. The coffin—specially constructed to let enough air in—would be placed in the express car. This car carried various shipments of value and no passengers.

Minutes before the train was due to leave, other members of the gang would show up claiming to be relatives of the “deceased.” They would plead to be let into the express car so they could be

with their loved one on the trip. Once this was managed, they had it made.

After they had traveled a short distance out of town, the express agent would be taken by surprise and either knocked unconscious or put off the train. Then the “corpse” would come to life, and his “relatives” would help him out of the coffin. Robbing the express car after that was an easy matter.

At a meeting point decided on in advance, the thieves would jump from the train with the loot. Other members of the gang would have horses waiting, and soon they would all be back at their hideout to share what they had

stolen.

Not all train robbers were such good actors, however. Eventually there came the time when an express messenger was helping to load a coffin into the railroad car, and it would seem to him that the “body” was moving around a lot. Once it was in the express car, the messenger placed several heavy objects on the box. At the next station, and certainly to the surprise of the “corpse,” the box was removed from the car and placed on the platform.

The station agent and a local railroad police officer joined the express messenger who announced, in a loud voice, that he thought there was a live man in the coffin.

“There’s one way to be sure,” the police officer declared. “I’ll fire a few

shots through it. If the man in there is dead, it won’t matter. If he isn’t, it’ll serve him right.”

At that point there was a sudden banging inside the box, and one of the sides fell away. A very frightened bandit rolled out and was arrested on the spot.

In another instance, the “corpse” wasn’t so lucky. Here, too, the messenger had been suspicious from the start. There was something about the weeping “mother” that just didn’t seem right: The black dress and heavy black veil still didn’t completely hide the big boots “she” wore. And “her” two other “sons” were much too anxious to spend the trip in the express car. They were told it was against the rules and that they would have to ride back in one of the coaches.

A railroad special agent who was on hand at the terminal agreed with the messenger’s hunch. The two spent their time in the express car, on the alert, and it paid off.

Not long after the train was on its way, someone pulled the bell cord to bring it to a stop. Suddenly the lid flew off the coffin, and a bearded bandit bounced up with two six-shooters ready to fire. But quick as he was, he still was never able to fire a single shot. Bullets from the guns of the messenger and the special agent cut him down. Seconds later, “mother” shot the lock off the door to the express car and charged through, only to meet the same fate. The other two members of the gang promptly surrendered, and yet another coffin case was closed.

In fact, it wasn’t long until this method of trying to rob railroad express cars was given up as much too risky. The coffin seemed to have something of an omen about it.

## THE COFFIN CAPER

by S. H. Dewhurst



# Herbal Lore

by Cynthia Van Kirk

Herbals—books that describe plants and their uses—have been compiled and studied for centuries. Schools of herbalists were found in the civilizations of the Assyrians, Chaldeans, Chinese, and Egyptians. Some of the big names in the herbalist field have been none other than Plato, Aristotle, and Charlemagne. Actually, a herbalist is just about anyone who loves herbs so much he or she takes the time to study their uses and to record conclusions.

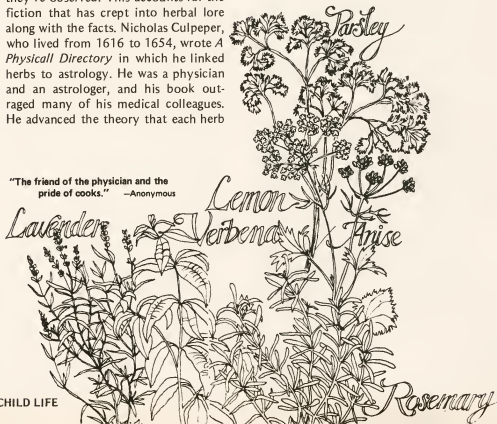
Many herbalists have recorded everything they've heard as well as what they've observed. This accounts for the fiction that has crept into herbal lore along with the facts. Nicholas Culpeper, who lived from 1616 to 1654, wrote *A Physicall Directory* in which he linked herbs to astrology. He was a physician and an astrologer, and his book outraged many of his medical colleagues. He advanced the theory that each herb

was under its own star: the sun ruled rosemary and bay; Venus ruled mint and thyme; and dill, marjoram, savory, and parsley were under the dominion of Mercury.

The use of herbs is definitely coming back into vogue. Drinking a brew of thyme, anise, horehound, and hollyhock roots as a cough remedy may or may not be your cup of tea. Nonetheless, there are many delightful uses for herbs that are interesting to read about and maybe even fun to try.

**Skin lotions:** Thyme, mint, rosemary, and lavender can be crushed and mixed with unscented rubbing alcohol for a stimulating skin lotion. Pour the alcohol over the herbs and into a plastic container. Seal the container and let stand for two weeks. Strain the mixture before

"The friend of the physician and the pride of cooks." —Anonymous



using. Unscented alcohol can be purchased at a drugstore.

**Herb baths:** A pleasant way to relax tired muscles and to help stimulate circulation is to take an herb bath. Herbs, such as pennyroyal, peppermint, rosemary, sage, thyme, lavender, and lemon balm, can be tied with string into a square of cheesecloth or muslin and dropped into warm bathwater. You can also drop the herb bag into a teapot, let steep for ten minutes, cool, and then pour into the bath. Herb bags can also be made by emptying out the loose tea from a large tea bag and replacing the tea with dried herbs. Be sure to tie securely with string. You may prefer combinations of herbs. Recommended are equal parts of angelica, rosemary, sage, and pennyroyal or lemon balm and peppermint.

**Breath freshener:** Chewing a sprig of fresh parsley will make your breath fresh and your wallet fatter. (It's cheaper than mouth wash!)

**Tisanes:** Tisanes, or herb teas, will lift your spirits. The tea is brewed the very same way you brew orange pekoe tea. Be sure to start with cold well or tap water and a sparkling clean glass

or porcelain teapot. Put a teaspoon of dried herbs in the pot for each cup you make, plus an extra teaspoon for the pot. Let steep for four minutes. Peppermint tea is said to relieve nausea. People who drink sage and marjoram teas, it is believed, will soon display an inner calm.

**Hiccup remedy:** Chewing a sprig of fresh tarragon has been thought to scare away the hiccups.

**Preventative:** Some herbalists believe a piece of angelica root placed in the nostril will ward off contagious diseases.

**Hair rinses:** Rosemary and lemon verbena simmered in soft water for twenty minutes and then cooled make a fragrant hair rinse. The flower of the camomile prepared the same way will bring out the highlights of your hair. Sage prepared the same way will darken your hair color.

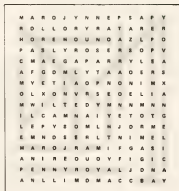
**Love tips:** The next time you'd like a kiss from a boyfriend or girl friend, hold a sprig of rosemary or mint under his or her nose. Smelling these herbs is supposed to bring forth romantic notions. You might keep a handkerchief handy, though, just in case it brings forth hay fever instead!

# ANSWERS

Answer to Mini-Mystery, page 10:

As soon as Mr. Kwan mentioned Celluloid, Marie-Claire knew how the fire had been set. Celluloid is a substance that burns without providing an odor and leaves no ash. Mr. Kwan set fire to a lot of Celluloid buttons, and they in turn ignited the rest of the factory, leaving no evidence as to how the fire started.

Answers to Herbal Puzzle, page 26:





# THE SHEEP OF CLARENS

by Dorothea C. Hill

The sun had not yet warmed the stone turrets of old Château sur Crêtes, school for girls in Clarens, nor laid its streaks of gold on the misted waters of Lake Geneva. It smoldered low in the east, hidden by jagged Alpine peaks.

The bleat of a sheep and the sound of bells came faintly from the other side of the grassy hill behind the old Château. It was a plaintive sound, as though the sheep might be calling for help.

Elizabeth, though awake, did not at first hear the woolly creature's cry, at least not consciously. Nor was she conscious of the occasional swish of a car as it sped past on the highway running just beyond the big iron gates at the Château entrance. She lay with one ear buried in her pillow, the other covered by a swath of long brown hair. Moisture glistened in the corners of her blue-green eyes.

The thick Swiss sheet felt rough against her cheek, and the smell of newly scythed grass coming in through the oriel window only served to remind her of her grandfather's ranch in Wyoming. She used to visit there every summer, flying up from California. But this summer she was shunted off to this old Swiss school where she didn't know anybody!

And worst of all, she didn't even know the language! She couldn't talk to anybody!

"Why, when I was fourteen, I could speak three foreign languages," her sociologist mother had said.

"We'll send her to French Switzerland," her anthropologist father replied.

"To a school where there are no Americans," said her mother.

"Where she will at least learn to speak French," said her father.

"Couldn't I at least wait until fall—after my vacation in Wyoming?" she had pleaded.

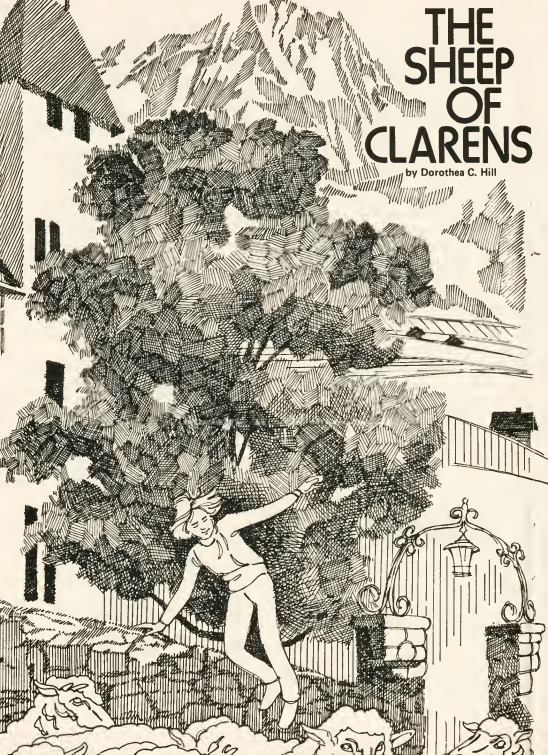
Her mother had squelched that. "No, you've had too much of cows and horses. It was all very well when you were growing up, but now you're beginning to be a young lady. You must learn a few things besides riding horseback with cowboys."

In short, she had to learn to sit with her feet carefully crossed at the ankles and with her hands in her lap. "For hours, if necessary, Mademoiselle Barnet," Madame Perroquet insisted. "And do not slouch the shoulders. Think as if a steel rod is there, running up the back." Madame Perroquet wore fitted black dresses and kept her black hair skinned back from her face to a smooth brioche at the nape. Not a single hair ever strayed from its appointed place. But there was something about her chestnut eyes—Elizabeth didn't know exactly what—but she had the feeling that perhaps they might not always have been focused on ankles and slouching shoulders.

"And, Mademoiselle Barnet, we do not say *oo* for 'u.' We say *eeuuu*; and the 'r,' from the throat, *rrrrrr*."

Elizabeth had tried—oh, how hard—for nearly a month now, but when she concentrated on the pronunciation, then she forgot her grammar or the correct verb ending. The two years of French she had taken in her American school didn't seem to do a bit of good when she wanted to speak it.

Monique, Elizabeth's roommate, tried to help. But then her face would dimple up, and she would go into a fit of giggles over the way "*pauvre* (poor) Leezabeth" pronounced her *r*'s or put the accent in the wrong place. Elizabeth



wished she could laugh at herself, but instead her lower lip would protrude and the nostrils of her long Greek nose would stiffen. This would only make Monique laugh all the more.

The bleats were louder now and in varied tones, as if there were a whole flock of sheep drawing nearer. Elizabeth pulled the sheet away from her ear and listened. The corners of her mouth turned upward in a faint smile of pleasure at the gentle sound of their bleating.

Then suddenly there was a loud screeching of brakes and louder bleats. This was followed by the *plink, plink* of tiny hooves on pavement. Elizabeth flung away the covers, leaped out of bed, and ran to the tower room window.

All she saw at first was the wide, freshly mowed lawn and the masses of pink and blue hydrangeas along the borders. Then below the branches of an enormous chestnut tree she saw the great iron gate, always kept locked at night, and the narrow, blacktopped road beyond. There, in the middle of the road, milled a small flock of sheep. A car, evidently the one whose brakes she had heard screeching, was edging slowly forward, trying to get around the woolly beasts. At that moment another car came hurtling from the opposite direction around a curve in the road. Its brakes screeched, the wheels skidded, and it barely stopped just short of the flock.

Elizabeth gasped and then muttered under her breath, "The silly things will surely get themselves killed."

She turned back into the room, thinking to awaken Monique. But then she remembered that Monique was from Paris and would not know the first thing about sheep. Apparently Monique hadn't heard anything, for



she was still sleeping quite soundly.

Elizabeth stripped off her pajamas, drew on a pair of jeans and a jersey, and slipped her feet into sneakers. She quietly let herself out of the room, hurried down the winding stone steps, and ran across the vaulted entrance hall to the great iron-braced front door. It was not locked—merely bolted—but the key to the front gate always hung from a ring of keys attached to Madame Perroquet's waist. So, Elizabeth had to climb the mossy gray wall and leap down on the other side.

Both cars had apparently managed to get around the flock, for they were nowhere in sight. The frightened sheep huddled, bleating and butting against the gate. But when she landed on the other side of the wall, they bolted onto the road again. At that moment a big truck came lumbering around the curve. It, too, barely managed to skid to a halt short of the sheep.

"Help me round them up!" she called to the driver, but he merely stared at her briefly before shifting gears and edging on through the flock. They parted enough for him to pass, then closed in again.

"Of course he didn't stop," Elizabeth muttered to herself. "He doesn't understand English. Maybe the sheep didn't understand English, either. *Allons!*" (Let's go!) she called, as she urged them forward. It was impossible to get them out of the road, because of the stone walls running along both sides. However, there was an old Gothic church just around the curve of the road. Its yard was surrounded by walls; and there was a gate, which usually stood open. If she could get them in there and shut the gate, they would be safe. *Allons, allons!*" she called to the sheep.

The sheep at last moved together along the road toward the church. Elizabeth followed. Another car came whizzing around the curve. "Stop!" she shouted, and a tiny sports car screamed to a stop just in front of an old ram trotting on the outer edge of the flock. *Allons, allons!*" she urged as she picked up a stick and tapped the ram on his rump.

The driver of the car was a young man in a blue turtleneck shirt. She had seen him several times before, zooming past in his car. Now, he glowered at her. *"Pourquoi vous ne gardez pas vos moutons?"* (Why are you not watching your sheep?)

Angrily, Elizabeth retorted, "And why don't you drive more carefully?" Besides, they weren't *her* sheep to watch, she might have added.

Shaking his head as if to say, "These foreigners!" the young man shifted gears and sped off down the narrow road, his little car shooting out a blast of exhaust behind him. Elizabeth called impatiently, *Allons, vous moutons, allons!"*

Again she had forgotten to speak French, and of course he had not understood her. Would she never learn?

At last she herded the sheep along to the little road leading into the churchyard. The gate was only partially open, but two of the sheep managed to squeeze inside. However, the others were in such a hurry that they crowded against the gate, pushing it shut; and of course they could not get through. They milled there, butting and bleating, their bells jingling.

"Oh, you silly, silly creatures!" Elizabeth cried. She hurried to open the gate, but this only frightened the sheep, who ran back past her to the

highway. Exasperated, she ran after them, rounded them up again, and drove them toward the churchyard.

Cars were now rushing past on the road, for the morning traffic of people going to work had begun. If Elizabeth went up to open the gate, the crazy sheep would go back to the highway and possibly get themselves killed. Yet they couldn't get through the gate unless she could open it.

Suddenly, Elizabeth realized that in her agitation she was frightening the sheep. Speaking more softly to them, she backed away down the drive. This seemed to calm them a little. They stopped shoving against one another, and the relaxed pressure caused the gate to swing open again. Those nearest went through, and soon the others followed.

Elizabeth ran up and fastened the gate shut after them. Then she noticed that there was another gate on the far side of the yard. It, too, stood open. She reached it just in time to prevent the ram from escaping.

With the sheep safely enclosed in the churchyard, Elizabeth now set out to find the owners. On one of her walks she had seen the sheep grazing in a small pasture on the other side of the hill. An old farmhouse with an arched Bernese roof and attached barn stood beside the road just below the hill.

When she knocked on the door, it was opened by a woman with crisp, iron-gray hair and the clearest blue eyes Elizabeth had ever seen. "Bonjour, Madame. Vos moutons sont échappés, et je les ai mis dans l'église et j'ai fermé les portes." (Good morning, Madame. Your sheep escaped, and I put them into the church and shut the doors.)

"Les moutons dans l'église!" The

woman's eyes went wider and wider in astonishment and dismay. "*C'est un sacrilège!*" (That is a sacrilege!)

"Non, non!" cried Elizabeth. *Pas dans l'église.*" (Not in the church.) What on earth was the French word for "yard"? For the life of her, she could not think of it. Finally, she persuaded the woman to come with her. They hurried back around to the church, and there the woman's face broke into a smile of relief when she saw her flock of sheep grazing harmlessly on the church lawn.

Together they herded the sheep out of the churchyard and across the hill to their own little pasture. Elizabeth found the place where the sheep had escaped—recent rains had loosened the earth around several of the posts, and the posts had fallen or had been pushed over by the sheep. With a stone, she helped the woman drive them upright again, and then said, "*Il faut que je parte maintenant.*" (I must go now.)

"*Mais non, non, Mademoiselle, il faut que tu prennes du café avec nous.*" (But no, no, Miss, you must have some coffee with us.)

Elizabeth looked at her watch. Only seven. Breakfast wasn't until eight at the Château sur Crêtes. Monique would still be sound asleep. Smiling, she said, "I'd love to."

"Well, come along then."

Now that she was no longer worried about the sheep, Elizabeth had time to notice the neat rows of beans and peas and strawberries in the garden beside the ochre plastered stone walls of the old farmhouse and the brilliant Paul-Scarlet roses growing on the fence. There was a gray stone trough with water running into it from the mouth of a bronze spout and window boxes filled with red and pink geraniums.

Inside the big stone-floored kitchen, Madame Deppen—for that was her name—set the well-scrubbed pine table with yellow bowls of strawberries, pitchers of cream and milk, and large blue cups and saucers. By the time she had started the coffee, her husband had returned from the village where he had gone to buy fresh croissants from the bakery. He was amazed at the early morning escapade of their sheep, and especially that an American student had rescued them.

The three sat at the table, drank *café au lait*, and ate the strawberries and croissants. Elizabeth found herself telling them about her grandfather's ranch in Wyoming and how she rode horseback during summer vacations. They listened with great interest and asked many questions.

Suddenly Elizabeth looked at her watch. It was seven forty-five. She must hurry back to the Château, or else Madame Perroquet would be furious. She thanked the Deppens for the wonderful breakfast.

"But no, it is for us to thank you for saving our sheep," insisted Monsieur Deppen.

"And you must come again to see us." Madame Deppen's blue eyes were filled with friendly hospitality.

"Oh, I should be happy to!" promised Elizabeth as she hurried away.

Back at the Château, she opened the big front door as quietly as possible, hoping she could make her way to the dining room without anyone noticing that she had been out. However, Madame Perroquet was right inside the door. She was talking to Monique—no doubt asking where Elizabeth was.

"And where have you been, Made-moiselle Barnet?"

But Elizabeth was in too happy a mood to be intimidated. She burst out with the story of the sheep rescue and her visit to the Deppens'. Her words tumbled over one another. Suddenly she stopped in mid-sentence. Monique's cheeks were all dimples, her eyes sparkling. And Madame Perroquet—old Madame Perroquet was actually smiling!

"Why—why, what's the matter?" sputtered Elizabeth.

"You're speaking French!" answered Monique.

"And correctly," added Madame Perroquet.

Elizabeth's upper lip lifted suddenly in a peal of laughter. Why, she hadn't even realized that she was speaking French. And with the Deppens—she had been speaking French with them, too!

She decided that this summer in Switzerland was going to be beautiful after all.





## Herb Bread

by Betty Winn Fuller

Baking bread has long been considered one of the most difficult of the culinary arts. But it doesn't have to be hard. Here's a delicious recipe for herb bread that will impress your friends and enhance your reputation as a cook. It's easy to do and doesn't take all day, either. Just follow the steps carefully.

### You will need:

½ cup nonfat dry milk	1 teaspoon sea salt
½ cup hot tap water	½ cup chopped parsley
½ cup chopped onions	2 teaspoons dill
5 teaspoons dry yeast	1 teaspoon oregano
3 tablespoons oil	¾ cup cornmeal
1½ cups cold water	3¾ cups whole wheat flour
1½ tablespoons honey	

### Directions:

1. Cook onion in the oil until it is golden.
2. Soften yeast in hot tap water.

3. Combine milk and water.
  4. Add onion mixture, honey, salt, and herbs.
  5. Stir in yeast mixture.
  6. Beat in cornmeal and approximately 2 cups of whole wheat flour.
  7. Stir in the remaining flour by hand to make a moderately soft dough.
  8. Turn out onto a lightly floured surface.
  9. Knead 3 to 5 minutes, then put in an oiled bowl. Turn once to oil the surface.
  10. Cover the bowl with a clean towel and let dough rise in a warm, draft-free place until double in bulk (about one hour).
  11. Punch down dough. Divide it in half.
  12. Place the dough in two well-greased 1-pound coffee cans. Cover and let rise till double (about 30 to 45 minutes).
  13. Preheat the oven to 350 degrees and bake for 45 minutes. Cover loosely with foil during the last 15 minutes.
  14. Remove the two loaves from the cans at once and cool.
- If you really want to make a big hit with your friends, invite them over a few minutes before the bread is due to come out of the oven. The delicious odor will make their mouths water!

# PLANET OF THE MONTH:

## EARTH

(See cover for photo of Earth)

## PLANETARY DATA

Position in Solar System: Third  
 Relative Size: Fifth smallest  
 Distance from Sun: 92,957,000 miles  
 Axial Inclination: 23° 27'  
 Length of Day: 23 hours, 56 minutes, 4 seconds  
 Length of Year: 365.3 days  
 Equatorial Diameter: 7,927 miles  
 Density (Water = 1): 5.5  
 Maximum Surface Temperature: +140°F.  
 Satellites: Moon

This is the last in our Planet of the Month series featuring all the known planets of our solar system.



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